

The Leatherneck

Vol. 8, No. 16

WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 18, 1925

Five Cents

IMPRESSIONS OF PARACHUTE JUMPING BY ONE WHO KNOWS

Corporal David C. Minney Tells the Thrills of the Jump

In my last article, I touched upon the advantages of the parachute as a means of saving the lives of both pilot and passenger of a doomed plane. Of course, that is the prime requirement of the parachute and the reason for the government making the expenditure for the purposes of experimenting in order that the followers of aviation might have a safe way of remaining alive after all other chances have disappeared. In this way, the parachute has become a success, and a wonderful aid toward the advancement of aviation.

However, just as flying has become both a business and a pleasure, so has parachute jumping. Regardless of the beneficial qualities, and opportunity of demonstrating the dependability of the chute through the medium of making exhibition jumps, it would be extremely difficult to induce men to make these jumps were it not for the intense thrill that accompanies each and every one.

One jumper in the Army Air Service who has made upward of fifty free cockpit leaps to say nothing of numerous drag offs, tells me that he still gets a real kick during each exhibition, and the novelty has not as yet even begun to wear off, so I can safely say that every time one dives out of the cockpit toward the ground with no other support than the pack on his back, he gets a greatly magnified repetition of the thrill he experienced while making his first flight in an airplane.

Say, for instance, that a man has just completed his preliminary training work in parachute rigging, and the time has finally arrived when he is ready to perform the final act which he must do in order to graduate. He is just like any of us would be, and, though he tries his best to show great nonchalance, and endeavors to give the impression that he is without care or fear, his attempt is a monstrous failure. Close observation will readily disclose that he is exceedingly nervous,



Sailing Downward Under a Circle of Sparkling Silk

but he can not be blamed for that, as he is about to attempt his stunt for the first time which, in spite of the wonderful record that has been piling up in its favor, is still considered by a great many people who are unfamiliar with this record, as an exceptionally dangerous performance.

His case differs greatly from that of the man who jumps to save his life, as there is no excitement or danger to give him courage, but merely the "wise cracks" of the bystanders, who seem to get great pleasure from asking "the kind of flowers he desires," or similar remarks that are far from cheerful. But, as a rule, the only

effect this has on the student is to give him determination to show them he has the necessary nerve to go through with it.

So he dons his harness with much invisible shaking of the knees and is given the final adjustments and instructions as to the correct method of getting turned around in order to make the best type of landing. While in most every case the chute will land a man safely even though he makes no effort to help it, the landing can be greatly softened if the back of the jumper is toward the direction from which the wind is coming.

Then the fun begins. The first jump is usually a "drag off" from one of the wings, so one man mounts to a position just forward of a rear strut on each wing of a Martin Bomber. Usually one of the older men at the game gets in the rear cockpit in order to show the new men what a cockpit jump looks like at close quarters.

The Bomber then takes off, and the men on the wings find they have all they can do in order to maintain their positions, as the wind caused by the flying speed is considerable, enough, in fact, to blow them from the wing should they loosen their holds.

After what seems many hours, but is actually about 20 minutes, the plane reaches the desired altitude, usually about 2,000 feet, and returns over the field for the dropping of the jumpers.

Arriving at the correct position over the field, the pilot throttles the motors so the plane is just going fast enough to remain in the air on a slight glide. The instructor, who occupies the seat at the left of the pilot, rises, and, turning, faces the rear. All three of the men can plainly see him, and this is the signal for them to get ready. The two men on the wings step to the rear of the strut and hold to it with their left hands. The man in the rear cockpit climbs out to the top of the

fusilage, where he is entirely clear of all obstructions, and will have no difficulty in making his leap.

Let us follow the man on the right wing. He is standing on the trailing edge of the wing, with his left hand holding firmly to the strut and his right hand holding tightly to the rip cord ring at his shoulder. His nervousness has all left, for in the tenseness of the moment, he has forgotten all else but that he must pull that cord when the signal is given. The instructor raises both hands above his head, and drops them quickly. This is the signal to leave, so our man quickly pulls the ring with such a force as to throw it far from him. It seems to him then that the chute has failed, for the bare fraction of a second that it takes for the chute to trail out into the wind and open seems hours. But he feels a gentle tug, immediately followed by a stronger one, then the feeling as if someone had roughly grabbed him by the shoulders and pulled him back clear of the wing. His hold has no effect, for the force is so great he could not possibly remain on the wing, no matter how strong he was.

As he leaves, he is turned slightly toward the fusilage of the plane, and sees plainly the man in the cockpit jump clear, fall thirty or forty feet, then pull his cord, and, with the appearance of a gigantic cotton blossom, the parachute blooms out of the pack, fills with air and suspends the man in his harness.

About this time, our jumper has lost his forward speed, so he swings down in a large arc, only to rise on the other side, for he is now experiencing the wonderful sensation of oscillating. This swinging continues for a few seconds till he manages to stop it by pulling on one side, then the other, until the air stream is passing straight through the vent at the top, and thereby letting him descend in a straight, downward manner. He must now turn around, so he notes where the wind is coming from in regard to his present position, then pulls down real hard on one of the four supporting straps and hits the other three with his arms until the desired position comes about. As a rule, this operation causes the chute to start swinging again, but this is soon stopped, and all that the jumper must now do is to set peacefully and let the ground come up to him.

It
Seems
at
first
that
the
chute
has
failed

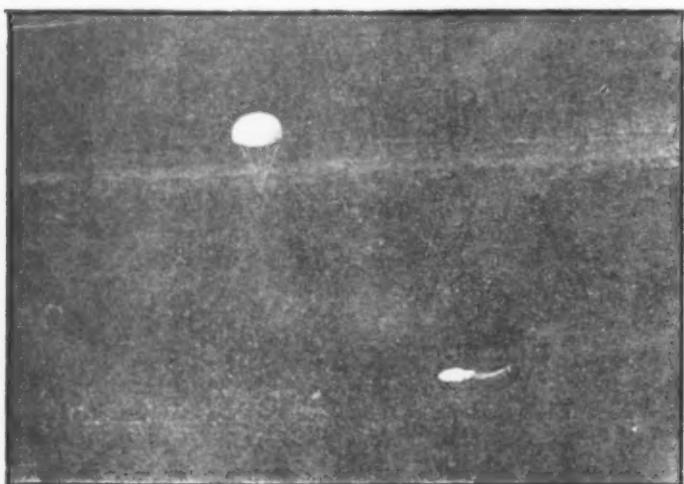


Over to one side of him, at a little distance, and about the same height, is the man who left from the other wing. The free jumper is a little below, but conversation can easily be carried on among the three, a point that is always taken advantage of, for the men can not wait to ask the others how they liked it. This question is generally answered with many expletives as to the difficulty of getting turned around.

At this height, there is no sensation of descending at all, even though they are going down at the rate of about fifteen feet a second. It seems for all the world as if one were sitting in a swing, high up. Objects on the ground slowly seem to become larger, and the whole earth seems to be slowly rising until an altitude of about three hundred feet is reached. Then the earth seems to take on more speed, and the jumper must get into position for an easy landing.

He looks over his head into the beautiful circle of silk that is supporting him and admires the neatness in which it is made. In my opinion, there is no sight in the world which can compare with a fully-inflated parachute bobbing around over one's head. The sun shining through it seems to make it sparkle, and the bobbing gives it the appearance of being imbued with life.

At
300
feet
the
jumper
must
get
into
position
for
an
easy
landing



To come back to our jumper, he is now ready to land and takes hold of the four web straps, called risers, which connect him to the supporting, or shroud, lines. Just as his feet touch the ground, he jerks down on these risers with all of the force he can exert, and this action tends to lessen the shock of landing. However, he can not keep from falling flat on the ground, full length, as he has held himself as limber as he could. But the fall does not hurt him a particle, and he jumps immediately to his feet, sorry that it is all over, and begins to gather in his chute, which, by this time, has become reinflated and is tugging gently at him.

A car comes to him, and he returns to his department, telling of his feelings while in the air, and anxious to make his second or free jump. One more man is completely sold on the parachute, and one more man will never be guilty of saying that he would rather stick with a plane that has gone out of control rather than save his life through the medium of the parachute.

The foregoing, of course, has been exceedingly thrilling to the man who has made the jump, but to people who have seen several of them it is apt to appear rather tame. These are the people who, as a rule, usually start rumors about the game which are not entirely true. They have seen a few jumps, and get the idea that they have seen them all, and that there is nothing new for them to see. For the especial benefit of these, some of the older jumpers pull various stunts that give even those self-styled hardened wittinesses a thrill.

One experienced jumper has a habit, while making exhibition jumps at aerial circuses, of jumping from the cockpit, but refraining from pulling the rip cord until a drop of three or four hundred feet has been made. In order to correctly gauge his time, he has his hands in his pockets when he jumps, and, counting slowly, he does not extract them until the fifth count. When he has done this, he will have dropped approximately three hundred feet, so, by the time he clears his hands, pulls the cord and the chute opens, a full four hundred foot drop has been made. To the spectators on the ground, those few seconds seems ages, so, when the white speck does appear, blossoming out to the appearance of a large white

umbrella, it is the signal for an audible gasp of relief, which comes from nearly every one who is watching.

Another jumper occasionally uses two parachutes, the first of which is not attached to him, but merely held by one arm through the harness. His rip cord is tied to the fusilage, so, when he jumps, it will automatically release the fasteners. The function of the first pack is as usual, but, when it is fully opened, the jumper's grasp is shaken loose, so that he falls free, while the parachute, relieved of the weight of his body, but held open by the weight of the pack, floats gently away. The jumper drops a couple of hundred feet before opening his second pack, while, on the ground, the appearance of a calamity is so great that many women faint and men turn their heads, for to see a body come dropping through space without apparent support or prospects of support is a terrible sight, indeed. However, when, after the lapse of three or four seconds, the second chute puts in an appearance, everyone is greatly relieved, and, upon the landing of the jumper, he is heartily congratulated on giving the crowd the thrill that is the reason for a large percentage of the crowd being present.

Still another exhibition stunt is exceptionally interesting, but must be performed by two people. The first man, the jumper, gets into the rear cockpit and out of sight before the plane is brought out of the hangar. He is fully equipped with jumping outfit, but can not be seen by the spectators. The pilot goes out to the plane, and, reaching into the cockpit, pulls out his parachute, and, with every indication of not desiring to wear it, throws it on the ground, where it remains until after he has taken off. To all of the onlookers, it seems that there is but one man in the plane, and that he is committing the rash act of ascending minus his life saver. The plane gets about two thousand feet in altitude and then begins to stunt with reckless abandon. In one of the most difficult of the stunts, when the plane is on its back, a body comes dropping down from out of the cockpit. It continues to fall for several hundred feet, while the plane drops off into a tail spin, and the crowds rise to their feet, mouths open, and breathless. It seems that there is no chance for the plane or the man, but, in a short time, the chute opens and checks the fall of the man. The plane still plunges dizzy down, and the jumper is forgotten for the moment as the spectators gaze and breathlessly await the seemingly inevitable crash. But, when a few hundred feet from the ground, the plane rights itself and makes a perfect landing, while the crowds drop back into their seats, conscious that they have been duped but satisfied that they have received their money's worth of thrill, at least.

These and many other similar stunts can be performed by men qualified at their trade, but this type of exhibition is discouraged rather than encouraged by the government and ardent supporters of the parachute, as it tends to give the appearance of being unable to use the chute at low altitude. This idea is entirely erroneous, for it has been definitely

MARINE FLYERS SAVED BY PARACHUTE AND SKILLFUL PILOTING AFTER CRASH AT QUANTICO.

QUANTICO, April 6.—Quick thinking, skillful piloting and a parachute jump were the combined feats that resulted in the saving of the lives of two pilots after their planes "side-swiped" each other in mid-air here today.

Quartermasters C. V. Mix and Archie W. Paschal were in a practice formation flight, when, in some manner not as yet determined, the wing of Paschal's plane crashed into the tail of Mix's ship, damaging the stabilizers and rudder so that they immediately jammed and the ship fell downward out of control. Mix, realizing his predicament, and being equipped with a parachute, jumped and made a safe landing, his plane crashing into the Potowmac river.

In the meantime, Paschal, with a badly-damaged wing, was skilfully maneuvering his ship into the field for a safe landing, which he very successfully made, amid the cheers of the men of the field, who had rushed to the scene. Paschal deserves a great deal of credit for sticking to his plane and bringing it safely to the ground as he did, as it is fully realized he could have jumped at the first impact.

Both men were flying Vought E-9's, which is a light observation and training plane, in preparation to flying in the squadron which left for the exhibition scheduled at Camden, N. J., in connection with the launching of the aircraft carrier Saratoga. First Aviation sent 18 planes to Camden later in the day, and Paschal and Mix were among the pilots.

It is a coincidence that this accident should occur this week, as our weekly story is on parachutes and their practicability as life-savers of the air, and clearly verifies what the author states.

RESULTS OF WASHINGTON NAVY YARD MARINES' MONTHLY ATHLETIC CONTEST

In the first month's competitive athletic meet held by the Marine Barracks of the Washington Navy Yard, some fairly good results were attained and the men are anxious to better them in next month's meet.

Lieutenant Replinger, athletic officer, reports the following men as being the best in the respective feats:

100-Yard Dash—P. F. C. Herman Case, time 11:1.

Running Broad Jump—Private Novack, 16 feet 11 inches.

Running High Jump—Sergt. Tommy Greer, 4 feet 9 inches.

Bar Vault—Private Hicks, 5 feet 8 inches.

Highest Average—Private Hicks.

Lieutenant Replinger also states that the baseball team is nearing the completion of its training and plays its opening game against the Fort Humphreys nine on April 22. The probable line-up is as follows:

Pyles, 1b; Brooks, 2d; Novack, 3b; Morris, ss; Thornhill, lf; Felter, rf; England, cf; Carey, c, with Greer, Dedden and Sadler as pitchers.

(Continued on page 16)

BASEBALL HISTORY IN NICARAGUA

Legation Marines Boost Our National Sport

By WILLIAM S. FELLERS

First Lieutenant, U. S. Marine Corps

In May, 1924, there was organized in the city of Managua, under the direction of First Lieut. William S. Fellers, what was known as the National Baseball League of Nicaragua. This league was promoted by the above officer, and the organization consisted of the five largest cities of Nicaragua, namely: Chinandega, Leon, Managua, Masaya and Granada.

The league was so organized that finances were not to be the question, although the various clubs gave sufficient guarantees to warrant a favorable passage to and from the respective towns. As I have said, finances were not the question, and, without a doubt, the league was about as poor as any that had ever been organized. But it succeeded in accomplishing much toward organization in this country. To those who have been so fortunate as to have served here, it is needless for me to say that they have an excellent idea of our national game of baseball. It is quite true that wherever the Marines have gone they have left their athletic marks upon the nations. Here in Nicaragua, it has been baseball, and, consequently, baseball has become the national sport of Nicaragua, and it is a sport to which even the youngsters take to down here. So much for the introduction of baseball into Nicaragua by our Corps.

As I have previously stated, the so-called National League was organized in May, representatives of all towns convened in Managua, drew up regulations and began to play their first organized baseball game under a league leader. The representatives insisted that the President of Nicaragua should be the Honorary President, and, together with our Commanding Officer, Major Ralph S. Keyser, they both acted in this capacity, the active president being Lieut. Fellers.

Training immediately began, and our first or opening game was played June 1, 1924. Being a poor country, and, consequently, a poor baseball league, we were somewhat hampered for money at first, but the obstacles were surmounted, with the result that the league continued through January, when it was stopped by the Presidential elections, martial law, conscription and many other things.

During the period from June to January, the Marines of the Legation Guard, welded together one of the finest post teams that was ever brought together, and, from all reports in this country, the best teams ever developed here. They were an organization playing together with perfect team work, had good fighting spirit, and were in the game for nine innings, the heat of the sunny skies in the tropics not bothering them. We needed such an organization to bring the native teams to the realization that, in the long run, we could not be beaten at our own game. Long playing together had also brought the various teams to a perfected state, "The Boers," of Managua; "The Giants," of Granada, and the San

(Continued on page 4)

Fernando team of Masaya, gave battle for all they were worth, many of the games going into extra innings, and there were no one-sided scores, although the Marines shut out the Leon team two or three times without runs or hits. However, this does not indicate an inferior organization. All the teams played and played hard, and I have seen and played in games in the United States which were far worse than the brand of baseball put up by the natives of this country. Of course, there were bad features. How often do we read in our papers such and such an umpire was escorted off the field for bad decisions, etc.? Down here there were bad decisions, there were influenced umpires, but protested games were very well taken care of by rulings made by the officials of the league.

In August, 1924, we successfully compiled, translated and had printed a Spaulding's 1924 Rule Book, and it was printed and issued to each club gratis. Through the use of this book, the Nicaraguans developed the fine points of the game.

In July, the Alexander Taylor Sporting Goods House offered a sixteen-inch cup to the winning club of the league. This, of course, was worth fighting for, and today, as a result of the fighting Marine stubbornness and ability to hang on and await for the breaks, take advantage of them and then run wild, said "Taylor Trophy" rests in a prominent place in the Lejeune Club, as the Champions of the National Baseball League of Nicaragua, 1924.

The season ended with the Marines standing as winning fourteen and losing five, our nearest rivals, "The Giants," of Granada, had won eleven and lost six. We succeeded in beating "The Boers" in the series for the town championship, and won our scheduled series from all teams except "The Giants," of Granada, whom we tied.

In December, 1924, the president of the League, First Lieut. W. S. Fellers, was called to select a native baseball team to represent Nicaragua in the Costa Rican Olympic games. The team was selected, was coached and practiced on our own diamond at the Campo de Marte. The Nicaraguan team went to Costa Rica, beat the Panamanian team, which was expected to walk away with things, beat the Costa Ricans, and came back to their own country as the champions of Central America.

They had observed the fighting spirit of the Marines. They also absorbed it in the nine months of league playing. Undoubtedly the Marines will be missed athletically upon their departure, and will be remembered as first class fighters and good sports.

In conclusion, there is added a list of the regular post team which represented the U. S. Marines and the American Legation in Nicaragua, and, included in this list, are men who might be available for try-outs with our Marine Corps Team at Quantico:

Pvt. George K. Pells, catcher: Sgt. W. E. Gaynor, pitcher; Pvt. Appleby, pitcher; Gy.-Sgt. M. Flinn, first base; Pvt. Beaureaud, second base; Cpl. Hollis, short stop; Cpl. Brady, third base; Pvt. Donahay, right field; Lieut. Fellers, center field, captain and coach; Cpl. Saville, left field; Cpl. Milinski, first base; Pvt. O'Donnell and Pvt. Schneider, substitutes.

BASEBALL AT ST. THOMAS, V. I.

On March 28, playing under the supervision of their efficient and snappy coach, Captain H. D. Shannon, the Marine Barracks nine defeated the U. S. S. Robin ball team after a hard fought game which ended 4-3, making it nine victories out of twelve games played by the Marines.

Brinkman hurled a stellar game and had the Redbreasts up in the air most of the game. Donivan, veteran team captain and previous third baseman, was behind the plate for this game, and, from the showing made, he will undoubtedly stay there for the rest of the season. Two errors were made in the Marine infield, while the outfield had a perfect day. In the first and seventh innings, Baugh and Weyman poled out doubles and Dinges scored Hahn with a long double in the ninth, bringing in the winning run.

Brinkman, Baugh and Clark are standing by awaiting a possible transfer to the States in the hopes of doing something for the Corps in the line of baseball. Brinkman is an all-round infielder, while Baugh and Clark are specialists in the outfield. All three are consistent hard hitters.

The Marine team is managed and coached by Capt. H. D. Shannon, and their line-up has been as follows: Weyman, 1b; Dinges, 2b; Hahn, 3b; Witkowski, ss; Clark, rf; Baugh, lf; Rowan, cf; Donivan, c, and Brinkman, p.

In games played to date the scores are as follows:

Marines 6, All-Stars 7.
Marines 17, U. S. S. Grebe 2.
Marines 5, All-Stars 6.
Marines 4, All-Stars 1.
Marines 9, Naval Hospital 3.
Marines 3, All-Stars 1.
Marines 6, All-Stars 7.
Marines 13, Naval Hospital 3.
Marines 5, All-Stars 2.
Marines 14, All Stars 1, four innings.
Marines 15, Sub. V. I. 3.
Marines 4, U. S. S. Robin 3.

MISINFORMATION FROM THE U. S. S. CLEVELAND

BALBOA, C. Z., March 29.—Late in the afternoon of the 16th, the Cleveland got under way and proceeded to Cape Mola, Panama, where, upon our arrival, in the wee small hours, we immediately began to unload the cargo of stores and mail for the Naval Detachment on duty at the radio station there, later sailing for Lorenzo Bay.

The trip to this bay was made in order to survey it, and, upon our arrival there, preparations were immediately made in order not to lose any time. Lieut. Bemis, assisted by Cpl. Jordan and PFC. Nagel, was in charge of the reconnaissance party, whose duty it was to place range marks along the beach, while Lieut. Com. Hoard, U. S. N., supervised the entire survey. The task was completed in the remarkably short time of four days, and, considering the undertaking, it reflects very creditably on all parties concerned. Lorenzo Bay is a land-locked harbor about 170 miles north of Panama City, being surrounded, on all sides by high mountains covered with tropical foliage, and it is a beautiful sight and has created a lasting impression of beauty on those who were

fortunate enough to be on the trip.

We returned to Balboa on March 21, and all hands were granted a week-end of liberty, which was welcomed after our rather strenuous work at Lorenzo Bay. The Detachment has been drilling every morning on the recreation grounds at Balboa, and, after having overcome their "sea legs," have been putting out some snappy close-order exercises, which verifies the statement that "drilling" is never really forgotten.

Second. Lieut. Robert J. Straub, U. S. M. C., has been detached to the Marine Barracks, Naval Submarine Base, Coco Solo, C. Z., much to the regret of the men of this Detachment, who, however, feel that their loss is Coco Solo's gain, and extend to Lieut. Straub every success in his new post.

INCIDENTS IN HAITI

Recently the Commanding General of the First Brigade at Port-au-Prince, Haiti, sent out an order that all automobiles bearing brigade licenses which are modeled after racers, and are commonly called speedsters or "hootnannies," will report to the Provost Marshal, Port au Prince, at 3 p. m., Thursday, March 26, 1925, for inspection.

This order was obeyed to the letter, and the assembled speedsters and hootnannies put forth an aspect which has never been equalled at any automobile show. Cars bearing the name of "Yellow Peril," "Chocolate Special," etc., were featured with every kind of cut-down body and clockworks.

Eighth Regiment Organizes Pistol Team.

On the 25th of March, the 7th Regiment in Haiti organized a rifle and pistol team. Second Lieut. Pierson E. Conradt was appointed as team captain.

Harry and Johnny, passing a window, notice a sign, which reads: "Six apples for five cents." Johnny began to figure how he could get the apples without money. He was finally rewarded by a bright idea, and both entered the store, asked for an apple, but did not pay for it. When called back by the storekeeper to pay for the apple, he replied: "I don't owe you anything. Your sign reads six apples for five cents."

"That's right," said the storekeeper.

"Well, then," said Johnny, "if you get six apples for five cents, you get five for four cents, four for three cents, three for two cents, two for one cent and that leaves one apple for nothing, so I bought that one."

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Start Week With Shut Out, But Fail to Hold Pace

The past week has not been a good one for the All-Marine Baseball Team, and, although they started out to do big things, they have had some bad upsets, which have counted against them in the final weekly tally.

On Monday, April 6, Kyle pitched a wonderful game and shut out the strong University of Vermont nine, while the Marines scored 9 runs in as many hits. The fourth inning was the big one for the Marines, and they corralled 6 runs. In the sixth Duncan came into his own and cracked out a homer, driving in Urbaniak.

	AB	II	O	A
Stock, cf	4	1	1	0
Fox, 3b	5	0	0	2
Urbaniak, rf	4	1	0	0
Duncan, lf	4	1	3	1
Maddes, 2b	9	1	2	3
Hannah, ss	3	1	5	2
Banta, 1b	3	1	10	0
Kyle, p	4	1	4	2
Baker, p	4	2	2	1
Totals	34	9	27	11
Vermont	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	0	0	0
Marines	1 0 0 6 0 2 0 0 x	9	0	0

The following day, in the second game of the two-game series, the unexpected happened and Fogg, pitching an unusually fine game for the collegers, had things pretty much his own way, allowing only four safe hits, of which the Leathernecks could only turn into one run.

	AB	II	O	A
Stock, cf	3	0	3	0
Fox, 3b	1	1	0	2
Urbaniak, rf	4	0	0	0
Duncan, lf	4	1	2	0
Bailey, c	4	1	1	1
Maddes, 2b	4	1	2	2
Hannah, ss	2	0	2	2
Banta, 1b	3	0	11	1
O'Neil, p	1	0	4	2
Alexander, p	1	0	2	1
Totals	27	4	27	11
Vermont	0 0 1 0 1 1 1 0 1	5	0	0
Marines	0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0	1	0	0

On Friday, April 10, Lehigh University was to cross bats with the Marine team, but heavy rains forced the game to be called off.

Saturday, Holy Cross College shut out Keady's men in a pitchers' battle between Kyle of the Marines and Carroll of the Cross, the former allowing 4 hits and the

latter 5. The shut out was the first one of the season, and can be banked on to be the last, as it is doubted the team will ever be as much off form as they were that day.

	AB	II	O	A
Stock, cf	4	0	3	0
Fox, 3b	3	0	0	2
Urbaniak, lf	4	1	2	2
Duncan, rf	3	0	1	0
Bailey, c	4	1	1	0
Maddes, 2b	4	1	2	3
Hannah, ss	3	0	2	3
Banta, 1b	3	0	12	0
Kyle, p	3	1	4	9
*Neal	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	4	27	13

*Ran for Kyle in fifth.

Holy Cross	1 0 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0
Marines	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

NEWS FROM THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD MARINES

New York Barracks Basketball Team closed a very successful season here last week, having won eighteen games out of twenty-one played. Throughout the season, they met the best in and around the Metropolis, and were only beaten by small margins in the three games they lost.

Applicants are now out for the baseball team, and, with the material on hand, the prospects look very promising. A four man team is also practising to enter the Metropolitan Bowling Tournaments, which are to be held soon in New York City. There has also been a new handball court erected in the gym, which is being well used by the men of the command.

First Sergeant Franklin has recently arrived from the Asiatics and expects to retire within a year or so. He intends making Brooklyn his home.

LAUNCHING OF THE "U. S. S. SARATOGA"

On April 7 the "U. S. S. Saratoga," the Navy's latest airplane carrier, was launched from the New York Shipbuilding Corporation's yard at Camden, N. J.

Mrs. Curtis D. Wilbur, wife of the Secretary of the Navy, was the sponsor. The entire ceremony was broadcasted by the General Electric Company over the Radio Corporation's stations WRC, Washington; WJZ, New York, and WGY, of Schenectady.

At 1:15 p. m., as this massive craft slid slowly down the ways into the water amid the applause of the thousands, a stranger form of applause greeted it than has ever welcomed a ship before. It was the roar of the motors from the Navy and Marine planes flying in formation overhead that created the sound which will soon become so familiar to the "Saratoga," and, in that roar, a greeting could be felt to be extended—it was a welcome, it extended an assurance of future companionship, cooperation and the sharing of further adventures and experiences together.

Materially it was the most modern form of commercial travel and martial force greeting the world's oldest but, mythically, it was the "King of the Air" extending a welcome to the "Queen of the Sea."

U. S. S. DENVER MARINES GREAT BOXERS

After defeating the fruit company's baseball team in the last game played in Honduras, the Marine Detachment aboard the Denver met the Detachment from the Cleveland in the form of a smoker held in the Balboa Stadium on March 15.

The Denver's athletic officer, First Lieutenant T. H. Cartwright, arranged the meet and the results of the bouts held are as follows: Corporal Koehler knocked out his man in the second round. Private Cramer put his away in the first, and Pasekoff fought a draw. In all, the Denver boxers took five bouts and one technical knockout.

Corporal Koehler handles the fighters in the ship's gym with the assistance of Private Cramer, and bouts are held every Wednesday afternoon on the forecastle, to keep the men in trim.

The Detachment's whale boat crew, consisting of Sergt. Thompson, coxswain; Sergt. Strum, Corporals Katz and Johnson, Privates First Class Greer, Fones and Mueller, and Privates Lee, LeGrand, Ether and Walker, are an undefeated crew. In their last race they left the Cleveland's boat two lengths behind shortly after the start and never relinquished their lead until the finish.

The men of the Detachment are at present trying out for the baseball team, and, if they play ball as well as they fight and row—stand from under!

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To get your investment we will place one hundred dollars or more without interest or endorsement in a savings account for you.

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Published every Saturday by The Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., in the interest of the best educated Military Body in the World. Entered in the Post Office at Washington, D. C., as second class matter, November 13, 1920. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized January 27, 1925.

Subscription Rate \$2.00 a Year

THE LEATHERNECK has a World Wide Paid-in-advance Subscription list including every Post and Station in the Marine Corps and every Detachment in the Marine Corps League, every capital ship in the Navy, and many libraries, reading rooms, clubs and colleges in the United States, as well as thousands of ex-service men and relatives.

New York Office

Chas. F. Rideal Associates
Suite 1208, 15 West 44th Street

Advertising rates \$1.50 per inch per issue. Address Business Manager.

THE NICARAGUAN MARINES MAKE ANOTHER EXPEDITION

On February 21, a detail of six men left the Camp De Marte for the Pacific Coast on an exploring expedition. Dawn was just breaking as the White truck started out on the 55-mile journey. The purpose of the expedition was to locate a suitable site for a rest camp for the Detachment. Captain Rogers was in command, and the detail was composed of Q. M. Sgt. Rath, Sgt. Saxe, Cpl. De Lacy, PFC. O'Donnell and Pvt. Correl.

The first part of the way was up over the ridge that separates the ocean from the Lake Basin, and, as the altitude increased, the air grew chillier, to the extent that everyone adopted the "milkman's swing" to keep warm. Soon the backbone of the range was reached, and, at a height of 2,500 feet above sea level, the Pacific and Lake Managua were in plain view.

The entire trip was through the coffee-growing belt of Nicaragua, and on all sides of us groves of shade trees covered the thick underbrush of the coffee bushes, under which we passed in the swift journey of the truck. The first stop was made near Finca La Luz, where a great view of the basin and a brisk walk to restore warmth to our bodies, was enjoyed.

As we reached the top of the ridge, and almost until we passed Casa Colorado, a great cloud of drifting smoke and thin dust from the Volcano Santiago, fifteen miles away, covered everything and shut out the sun. However, as we arrived at the base of the ridge and neared Diri-

amba, the sun again came out, and we soon were sweating in tropical weather.

Diriamba, a coffee center, was passed without a stop. This is a very pretty town of about 4,000 population, and, most of its buildings being constructed of stone, gives it an up to date appearance.

From here on the roads, none of which were of the best, grew steadily worse, and the next 21 miles to the coast were a series of jolts and jars. The country through which we passed, however, was interesting, and, about ten miles beyond Diriamba, another stop was made to secure a few curious thorns shaped like steer's horns and to rest ourselves.

This rest was short, and soon we were on the way again, over roads that were all but impassable, and it was only due to Captain Roger's intuition and the pumping of the natives that we arrived safely at Casares. As Sgt. Rath termed it, Casares on the Sea, for it was built, or rather being built, upon the beach fronting the Pacific.

The trip had been made in a little better than four hours over bullock roads, up and down the steepest grades, over river fords and numerous detours to avoid deep ruts.

The approach to Casares is through a thick forest, and not until the little village is reached does the great expanse of the ocean come into view. Low hills come within about 300 feet of the water, and the village is situated partly on the beach and partly on the hills surrounding. The Rio Achipe flows near the town and empties in the ocean about a mile south of Casares. From the mouth of the river to the village is a rocky wall against which the waves are continuously pounding and sending up clouds of spray, but, commencing in front of the village and

running away to the north as far as the eye can see, is a fine sand beach, upon which giant rollers are always breaking.

The entire surrounding country was all covered with a more or less thick growth of timber that in places encroached upon the sandy beach. Upon inquiring, the natives told us that there was fairly good hunting in the vicinity, but, due to the dried appearance of everything, it seemed doubtful if there was any game except along the river. The fishing was good, and the natives were occupied along the river with hook and line and ten-foot harpoons endeavoring to bring in their next meal, and the fish caught were of fairly good size.

After exploring thoroughly, we took a swim in the surf and then the truck was put about and the return to Managua was made with no serious event.

The Nicaraguan Constabulary

The rumors of the evacuation of Marines from Nicaragua in February have temporarily blown over. At the request of the Nicaraguan government, the Marines will remain in Nicaragua until September. The formation of a constabulary will be started very soon.

This Constabulary is to be composed of a Training Branch and the Constabulary proper. The Training Branch will be under the drill experts, who will be the Instructors of the new force, while the other division will take up the duties of the police and army under their own officers, who will have been schooled at the Training Branch.

The creation of an efficient force, free from political control and serving in the interest of the country, will do a great deal to establish in Nicaragua the order and peace maintained by the Marines for the past twelve years.

Many Marines Leave Nicaragua

By reason of expiration of tropical duty, order of the Major General Commandant, order of the doctor and various other causes, the below-named men departed for the United States in February. Many of their buddies and some of the Senoritas were at the train to see them off and wish them luck. They embarked on the U. S. S. Rainbow for Hampton Roads, where they will be distributed to other posts of the Marine Corps upon their arrival. They are as follows:

Gy-Sgt. Reid, Staff Sgt. Miskell, Sgt. Aiken, Sgt. Lefkowitz, Cpl. Brady, Cpl. Roe, Cpl. Saville, Cpl. Eyler, PFC. Besserlich, Collon, Fazekas, Kraemer, McLaughlin, Rausch, Wettstone and Wooten, Tptrs. Eccleston and Holmes, Ppts. Appleford, Ashcraft, Beaudreau, Blackburn, Fahrbusch, Gallagher, Harris, Hunter, Low, Mauldin, McGhee, Scarborough, Schneider, Scopel, Taynor and Williams.

THE AIR SCOUT LIGHTS

A new publication has reached us entitled "The Air Scout," which is the ship's paper of the U. S. S. Wright, flagship of the Aircraft Squadron, Scouting Fleet, now in Hawaiian waters.

The Air Scout is a very good paper of six pages, carrying a wealth of good material. We hope to see more of The Air Scout in the future.

INKADIER LETTER No. 2

By

JOHN CULNAN, U. S. M. C., "16-25"

QUANTICO, June 1, 1917.—It is the 49th Company, 1st Battalion, 5th Regiment now.

A few days ago we thought that 120 men formed a huge company, but since then the 49th has been doubled once again, this time by a recruit Detachment from Parris Island, and we are up to war strength, and rearin'!

Among the new arrivals is Lee Pitzer. A few days ago Jake Stahl dispatched Lee in quest of fifty yards of skirmish line. Lee was recommended from tent to tent during the morning.

"Well, have you got it yet?" demanded Jake at noon.

"No, but I guess I kin do'er, all right," replied Lee. The Battalion Quartermaster cleared the matter up for Lee during the afternoon.

Skirmish Pitzer is the best known man in the battalion at the present writing.

Tent City on Coronado Beach looks like a one-ring circus layout compared with Quantico today.

We found the 66th and 67th Companies here on our arrival, and the 15th Company secured their anti aircraft guns at Pensacola and blew in a few days after we did, to complete the battalion.

The 49th deployed and scoured the township for Skidoo, the screwtail, who was missing at reveille. Not a trace of him, and the Top is pretty badly broken up.

"He's seen too much service to go over the hill," says the Top. "He's been stolen, or else he's dead."

Some believe that Skidoo is hot-footing it back to Norfolk to resume his passionate quest of handballs that bounce out of bounds. Others have it that Skidoo is a member of the Secret Service, unknown to Top, and that he is shadowing an alien Dachshund into an adjoining county.

We are doing some extended order drilling and some snapping-in.

A huge building program is under way here, but prospects are that the battalion will be long gone before Quantico has out-

grown the tent period of existence.

"This life is intense," declared Joe Toulson.

He was spirited away to prevent mob violence.

Visions of promenading the boulevards of Paris in blues went a'glimmering when the word was passed that our dress uniforms are to be left behind.

So we are shipping them home or otherwise disposing of them. Alarm over spending a winter in khaki was soon dispelled when we learned that a new uniform of green, known as winter field, is ready for issue.

"If I had known I was going to spend all winter in a field I wouldn't have shipped," remarked Frank Garvin.



The Battalion Quartermaster cleared the matter up for Lee during the afternoon

He was crowned with his own typewriter and assisted to sick bay.

The "duration of war" men were some that staggered when Pop Coombs opined that four years was long enough for him at a single stretch.

He recalled the Hundred Years' War, and Champ Giles burst into tears. Bumps sounded at that moment, however, and, when Champ popped up at the head of the line, his face was again wreathed in smiles.



AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford,
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.

It is always a pleasure to visit Parris Island. It's an inspiration to talk with its veteran commander, Brigadier General Harry Lee, about the men of the post, and to learn of his plans for the betterment of conditions and the furtherance of the welfare and well-being of this important center of operations.

From the moment of the recruit's entrance into the Receiving Barracks, on through the East Wing, West Wing, Rifle Range, and during his whole stay on the island, everything possible is done to insure his understanding and proper equipment for the work and duties of the Corps.

In all these things, the General is loyally supported by a magnificent group of officers and non-commissioned officers, who, without question, carry out the duties of their position. Thus it naturally follows that the characters of the men who pass through are of an excellent quality and ready for service in any place to which they may be sent.

The recent Navy Relief Drive at the Post secured the really remarkable sum of \$1,700.94, after all expenses had been paid. This must have been very gratifying to all concerned, as it was to General Lee.

The baseball season has just commenced, and the General pitched the first ball at an important game between the Citadel team, from Charleston, and the pick of Parris Island. Lieut. C. D. Baylis, the ever-alert director of athletics, has his men ready for a very full season, and states they are in for all that can be got. The men are "in the pink," so big things are looked for.

Should you ever visit the island, don't forget to give Baylis and his equipment the once-over. I venture the opinion that there is not a Post in the Corps better fitted and up to date, all of which is due to his untiring energy and enthusiasm, behind which is the unfailing interest taken in everything by the officers of the command.

Some of them have caught the baseball fever, and Captain Parker and Rea, together with Lieut. Onley, are walking about as though every joint of their anatomy caused trouble, all of which is attributed to pitching the sphere.

The Field Music Battalion is an ever-increasing wonder in the matter of games. Capt. Dickerson backs them to the limit and they make good, not only holding their own but walking off with the honors.

If you can't do it, leave it to the kiddies. Lieut. Baylis recently wanted some green paint for the band stand, which, at the moment, the Q. M. Dept. could not supply. Later in the day, the paint was sent on, and, having heard the order given, Buddie and Sis, the infant children of the Lieutenant, seized the brushes and commenced work. When discovered, a liberal application of the paint had been given not only to the floor of the stand but to their own clothing. Of course, they had only wanted to help Daddy.



ATM

THE AFTERMATH

NEW YORK, April 15.—The success of the recent reunion at the barracks is still the big topic of conversation in local Marine fraternal circles. The precision with which the program was carried out, the high calibre of the entertainment and the strict attention to the smallest detail for the comfort of the guests was but another illustration of Marine Corps efficiency. Lieut. Col. Campbell was a mighty host. Major Rothafel (U. S. M. C. R.), a sparkling toastmaster, his group of artists a revelation. The cook, the mess crew and the committee all played their part to perfection. It was a wonderful night.

The scene shifted to "Roxy's" studio in the Capitol Theatre building last Wednesday night, where the Major played host to the various Marine organizations backing him up in his drive for a New York State Marine Corps Reserve Regiment. The Major outlined his plans, which include the formation of a battalion each in Manhattan, Brooklyn and upstate, and the organization of a sixty-piece Marine Band of professional musicians by Professor Mendoza, leader of the Capitol Theatre Orchestra. There will be another meeting next Wednesday evening at the studio, when the various committees will start into action.

We were one of a party of ten guests of Milton Solomon and Commander Joseph Murray, of Kings County American Legion, at the Brooklyn Elks' Club after leaving the barracks on the night of the "chow." The others were Mrs. Solomon, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson Smith and Miss Altman, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Vanslet, LeRoy Hagan and Miss Sherry and "Eagle Eye" Albert Lages, our demon membership hound. We enjoyed a tasty snack, ginger ale and—everything. Lages renewed acquaintance with a prominent comedienne of other days.

Bill Thorn celebrated his birthday anniversary the other night by taking his wife to see "What Price Glory?" He says the answer is \$6.60 for two seats.

Colonel Campbell burst out into song on the big night and right away "Pugnacious" Paul Howard got jealous. Refused permission to "do his stuff" for the edification of the assembled guests, Paul corralled Henry Groth, Jim Hyland and Pat O'Shaughnessy and gave a recital on the fire escape.

See by our columns that the "Melodious Marine" is making a big hit on the western vaudeville circuit. Might suggest a quartet, to include the "Dancing Doughboy," "Acrobatic Artilleryman" and the "Casting Cavalryman," or a full troupe

rounded out by the "Melodramatic M. P." and the "Grotesque Gob."

And still we grow. Each edition of THE LEATHERNECK brings information of more Detachments organized. On November 10 next, we will observe the 150th anniversary of the organization of the U. S. Marine Corps, in conjunction with the third National Assembly of the Marine Corps League, and, at the rate we are going, should make a showing on that occasion that will more than fulfill the pledge made to Major General Lejeune, our National Commandant, at the last convention, to "see it through."

While handing out credit for progress in the organization, our National Officers should not overlook New Orleans. A live-wire bunch of "Leathernecks," they are putting it over in grand style, as the accounts of their recent dance and other activities show. Congratulations, Comrades, that's what gets new members.

How are you fixed for butter checks?

F. X. L.

A REAL MARINE

FORT WORTH, Texas, April 2.—Mr. E. Jones, of R. R. 3, Millsap, Texas, which is about 47 miles from Fort Worth, came in on business, and, learning of the activities of the local Detachment of the Marine Corps League, made it his business to stay over a day and meet with us on the 31st. We were sure glad to greet him, and the way he laid down his \$2 and said "come on for more if you need it" certainly pleased us all.

Jones travelled around a bit in the Marine Corps and learned a few things. Incidentally, he is one of the real watermelon planters of this country—and of which there are none better. Jones has a melon of greater than local reputation, which he calls the "King Bogueo." According to his statement, he got the seeds originally from the South Sea Islands from old King Bogueo himself, and, since coming home to his ranch near Fort Worth, Friend Jones has successfully crossed King Bogueo's melons with the local variety and now has a melon that is sweeter in flavor and greater in demand than his neighbors.

Jones and his brother, E. F. Jones, have invited the Fort Worth Detachment to a watermelon feed any time this season which we may decide, so we are looking forward to a contest between some of our heavy feeders this summer at Jones' invitation. We will advise you all in time to get out your ear muffs and be present. Jones certainly "knows his stuff," for he has told us that if we can't come out that he "will bring them in to us," and more than that could not be asked for anywhere. W. A. Wilson, of

our Detachment, has offered autos and trucks for conveyances any time we choose, so it looks like we are lucky again.

The weather was bad, but at that we had more than half of our members in attendance. We have many new members in prospect—and the beauty of it is quite a few have sent the word that they would surely join with us.

The National Headquarters are giving us the best of co-operation. I have plenty of the pamphlets, "Marine Corps League." Also they have sent buttons for each and every member. And, have you noticed how they have used our letters in THE LEATHERNECK? They have told us they would give us real assistance and cooperation, and they sure are doing so. More power to them!

Keep the good work up, boys. We will get our Detachment right out in front and give the others a mark to shoot at. Put this sheet in your file, so you will remember this as one of the good times to look forward to! And there will be others!

SEMPER FIDELIS.

SECOND DIVISION ASSOCIATION TO HOLD REUNION

The next reunion of the 2d Division Association will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, from June 4 to 6, 1925. The committee in charge of the reunion is actively engaged in planning to make the reunion a great success, and to give all former members of the Second Division who attend a good time. Mr. W. A. Brand, 6911 Hague Ave., Cleveland, Ohio, is chairman of the committee for the reunion, and will be glad to furnish full information to all inquirers. A large attendance at the reunion is anticipated.

MCLEMORE MARINES

[From The Houston Post-Dispatch, Houston, Texas, March 29.]

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Presswood were host and hostess at the meeting of the McLeMore Detachment of the Marine Corps League Thursday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Baust.

After a business meeting of much importance, dancing and games were enjoyed by the thirty-five members attending.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Seymour, 1212 Pierce avenue, will entertain at the meeting April 24. A large attendance is urged, as business of importance will be discussed and plans for San Jacinto Day will be made. All Marines and their ladies are requested to meet at the Old Federal Building, Main street and Franklin avenue, at 8 p. m. sharp and go from there in a body to the Seymour home.

"PALESTINE SONS OF IRISH FREEDOM HOLD ANNUAL ST. PATRICK'S DAY BANQUET"

Caimanera, Cuba, the Scene of the Crime

The elaborate dinner given at Madam Ciss' Seaside Palace at Caimanera, Cuba, on March 17 last, by the wandering members of the "Palestine Sons of Irish Freedom," proved a huge success, and one of the outstanding social events of importance here during the pleasant raiay season.

The banquet chamber was artistically decorated by a very skillful and well-known blind Cuban artist, who, in days gone by, "white-washed" more fences in Caimanera than any man in the local cemetery. The color scheme was in green of every shade and description, from green papier-mache to sea-weed. Over each window and door a "red exit light" had been thoughtfully placed by Madam Ciss. All "Shillelahs from the Ould Country" were wisely checked at the Bar on arrival, as an evidence of friendship and good will. The uniform for the occasion, despite the climate, was "greens." Music was furnished throughout the evening by a battle scared, one-lunged radio set, that had been fortunately washed ashore a few days previous.

Among the distinguished gathering were such well known notables as Gy-Sgt. "Juke" Hickeyesky, "Abe" Kennedy'ski, Sgts. "Mose" O'Brienstein, "Izze" Eadenberg, "Ikey" Callahanenthal and many others of equal notoriety.

A most touching moment in the evening's program was reached when the chairman called the "Vacant Chair Roll Call." A deadly silence answered to the names of Q. M. Clerk Pat Greely, Sgt-Major Clarence B. Proctor, Gy-Sgt. Tom Welby, Sgt. Jake Stahl, E. Pat Walsh and "Pop" Grant. "Rabbi" Van Horn offered a loud silent prayer for their salvation, which was followed by Abe Kennedy'ski's skillful rendering in a beautiful soprano voice of that touching hymn, "There'll be No Chinese Laundries Where the River Shannon Flows."

Following this, the master of ceremonies made the presentation of a beautiful Yiddish Mah Jongg Set to the most popular member who had not missed a liberty call. As there was but one set to be awarded, and no less than twelve claimants, it was the unanimous vote of the master-at-arms to loan it to "Uncle" to help defray the expenses of the Soda-Pop bill of the evening.

Sgt. "Mose" O'Brienstein was then introduced by Madam Ciss "herself," and proved the most interesting speaker of the evening. During his talk, he touched on everything from Child Birth to Jawbone, but the part of his speech that aroused the sleeping diners was his suggestion as to a possible method of relief for the Irish Financial Situation. He said, in part, that "just as soon as Africa gave Ireland her freedom, they should move dear old Erin's Isle over off the American Coast, somewhere along 'Bootlegger's Row,' where, though they realize that they may not directly regain American citizens their freedom, they could, and most certainly would, give them their 'liquid' support, which, at the same time, he explained, would fill the Irish Treas-

ury and make every Irish politician a millionaire."

Madam Ciss had engaged for the evening Caterer Sgt. "Murphy" Eisenberg, of the Sergeant's Mess, who handled the situation in a masterly fashion, introducing many appreciated and novel ways to prevent the guests from becoming embarrassed in any manner. So the diners wouldn't mistake the finger bowls for other than what they were intended for, he placed a live Gold Fish in each bowl, and, in addition, he remembered how an elaborate display of silverware has often sent a man away from good food hungry, so each guest's invitation requested him to bring his "Own Tools." The dinner, as a whole, would have made any "Shanty Irishman's Stomach" proud. The waiters, boys of an ebony shade, lent color to the occasion by their novel costume of breach cloths, etc., which transformed them into Egyptian slaves of Nero's time. The menu was in the form of Imported Red Bricks, upon which the following was delicately engraved.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY—1925

MENU

SOUP		
Green pea	Motzas	Green Turtle
RELISHES		
Gerkins	Green Onions	Mixed Pickles
SALAD		
Cucumber a la Lettuce		
FISH		
Fried Shark Garnished with Parsley and Green Peppers		
VEGETABLES		
Irish Spuds		
DESSERTS		
Rochefort Cheese with Wintergreen Sauce		
Green Apples, Green Bananas, Green Plums		
Hickory Nuts Bull and Makings Pepper-mint Candies		
Imported "Near Beer" from Post Exchange		
Orange Ices trimmed with Brilliant Red Crab Claws.		

Just how the most realistic Irish part of the evening's entertainment started, none of the guests seem to be quite sure, except that it was in no way "private." After the smoke had cleared away, one half-conscious individual said (though he wasn't positive) he thought that when the last course on the menu was served, it was either the Red Crab Claws that made the guests see red or that the Orange ice made them see purple. After peace had finally been restored, and the reunited assembled guests had finally sung "God Save the King," all meekly but painfully departed for the wharf, where the considerate Patrol Officer had an honor guard of six stalwart M. P. side-boys drawn up to pipe them "down" over the side. The trip home in the Covered Wagon was uneventful. No salutes were fired on their return to camp, neither was the Guard of the Day turned out. They wavered all honors.

"LA TROPICAL SEA DUST."

"I'll have you know—hic—that I'm part—of the Standard Oil Company."

"And what part are you?"

"HIC—One of the tanks!"

SEMPER FIDELIS!

The years flow on, like ocean tides,
With joy and sorrow lapping strides—
But one great phrase fore'er abides—
Semper Fidelis!

We laugh and dance when skies are bright,
But how we prize the pal whose light
And steady heart beguiles our night!
Semper Fidelis!

The man who sticks, through right and wrong
To that he loves, his soul a song—
Ah, that's the man who makes it strong!
Semper Fidelis!

Say, buddies—you who keep the fold,
And you who've left it, hearts still bold—
Let's join that thrilling cry of old,
Semper Fidelis!

Let's keep our country strong and well,
And guard, with fervor naught can quell,
That motto of the M. C. L.—
Semper Fidelis!

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JOKE



Officer of the Day—Hey, what's the idea of locking that guy up?

Sentry—He is a suspicious-looking character, sir. I caught him trying to sell garters to the Marines.

A young girl was making her first trip across the ocean on a ship. The scene being new, she was very wakeful her first night. About 10 o'clock, she was terrified to hear one of the sailor's cry "Raise the top sheet and spank her!" She got out of bed and dressed and sat up all night wondering when they were coming in.

Captain—Now, young man, I understand you are keeping bad company. Who was with you in this last disgraceful case of yours?

Private—Your daughter, sir.

Teacher—Is the world round or flat?

Pupil—Round!

Teacher—How do you know it's round?

Pupil—Well, flat then; I don't want to start no argument.

Buck—Hey, Police Sergeant, the shower hasn't been working for the past three months.

Police Sergeant—When did you find that out?

Buck—This morning.

Some wives miss their husbands when they're away. Some miss them at home because their aim is bad.

A man in Chilengo drank a bottle of furniture polish by mistake. It gave him a permanent finish.

Corporal—What are you going to give your girl for her birthday?

Private—Nothing.

Corporal—What's the matter; engagement broke?

Private—No; I am.

Sam—What am yo' gonna do now?

Bo—I've an exporter.

Sam—An exporter?

Bo—Yep. The Pullman Company just fired me.—Tennessee Mugwamp.

Toss—Who was that old lady in Dubuque I seen you with last night?

Tunr—That wasn't de Buick, that was de Flivver.

HERE'S and THERE'S

By Cpl. L. A. B.

In the bunk until the last minute, and then to chow. Why, in the name of goodness, do they insist on giving me beans when my whole system cries out for the chow Mom used to ration out? I'd ship for life for the "ham wot am, and the coffee wot is."

Let's see, how many more days till pay day? If I can only bum a couple of ear tokens an get a few bucks on an O. D. shirt, I'll be sitting pretty and can step out. And yet, they say it's the woman who pays. If that is true, I wonder where all my money goes? Wonder if the bird who wrote that song was ever subjected to the influence of a red shingle bob and the lips you love to kiss?

Elenor Glyn writes on the "Philosophy of Love," but she doesn't explain the meaning of the word. Can she tell us why a man will hock his watch, or go without his chow, just for the smile of some hundred-pound Dresden doll? Women—you can't get along with them and you can't get along without them. Love—it's a ticklish sensation around the heart that you can't scratch, and the only cure for it is matrimony and then you keep scratching for the rest of your life. But enough of love—and a little bit is too much.

Started to count the number of days I still have to do, but they don't make the calendars far enough in the future to take care of my case. The years may come and the years may go, but this hitch seems to last forever.

Now for a cigarette. Does a pack of "butts" keep the gummies" away? No, brother, for, verily I say unto you, that my very soul turneth sour with this endless "gimmie this and gimmie that." Lives there a Marine with foresight enough to stock up his monthly material needs? Daily one hears: "Have you any soap—let me have your shoe polish, until I long for a moment of unmolestation. I rush off to a show for relief, the curtain rises and an ultra modern, over-stuffed damsel of many summers and even more winters bursts forth with "Gimmie the moonlight, gimmie the girl," and I leave in disgust.

Verily, the eleventh commandment should read "Thou shall not bum from thy bunkie, nor shall ye covet his soap."

Enough of this, for it is written that "a man shall show the emptiness of his head by his senseless prattle."

Legislator (to chairman of Naval Appropriations Committee who has looked into the needs of Quantico)—What are your recommendations as to the most pressing needs of this post at present—new buildings, more entertainment, or what?

Chairman of Committee—More nice lawns for the enlisted men to park their cars on.

Houdini may be a most wonderful acrobat, but he has nothing on the hero in Donald Ogden Stuart's story, who mounted his horse and galloped off in all directions, nor on Robinson Crusoe, who lit his pipe and sat down on his chest.

Washington Girl—They took Brunelle out of the game for unnecessary roughness.

Another Washington Girl—How like Brunelle; many's the time I have sent him home for the same thing.

The Skipper—Can you support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?

Sergeant—No, sir.

The Skipper—Then take her. I thought you were going to tell me you could.

M. C. I. Stude—You know, I can speak every language but Greek.

Buddy—That so? Translate this: "Yo querio estudiar con el."

M. C. I. Stude—Huh, that's Greek to me.

"How do you like my new checkered stockings?"

"Very sporty, but I'm afraid the naughty boys will want to play crossword puzzles on them!"

A furious man rushed into a newspaper office. He was a local celebrity, and had been reported as present at a boxing match.

"You referred to me as the well-known lightweight champion!" he roared.

"Well—" said the editor.

"And I'm not. That's my brother. I'm the coal merchant."

"Hey, Mike, how big is a battleship?"

"What size battleship?"

"Oh, a big one."

"How big?"—West Point Pointer.

You wouldn't do duty without a duty belt, why do duty without a LEATHERNECK? If you are not a subscriber to THE LEATHERNECK, become one TODAY.

SAVE THIS ONE FOR THE WEEK END



Horizontal

1. The name won at Chateau-Thierry.
8. The Letherneck's football team.
16. Consume.
17. A geometrical figure with a circular base.
19. To plaster a room overhead.
20. We would hate to get up with this fellow every morning.
21. They ply the ocean. (Abbrev.)
22. A direction.
23. What we lack on Monday morning.
24. Not under.
25. America's foremost inventor. (Initials.)
26. A fish.
28. A group of States in Northeastern U. S.
31. And. (French.)
32. Where the M. C. I. courses originate.
36. The direction an airplane goes. (Usually.)
37. Every one. (Abbrev.)
39. Feminine pronoun.
41. A pan used in melting ores.
43. To make a mistake. Do wrong.
44. A drink.
45. To leave out.
47. At some time, any time.
48. Indicates an indefinite number or amount.
49. A right of way for trains. (Abbrev.)
51. Written after. (Abbrev.)
52. A conjunction.
53. A place where we will all get to some day.
54. Thwart, circumvent.
55. An island off the coast of France.
58. A great British statesman. (Initials.)
60. The odic force of electricity.
62. A Japanese coin.
63. Opposite the weather side of a ship.
65. A guy rope for staying a gaff.
66. There is a better place to raise corn than on this.

68. A period of time.
70. Try to get this just before payday.
71. Over. (Poetical.)
72. This fellow would bother Sergeant Major Jiggs.
74. One to whom money is owed.
75. An obstinate quadruped.
76. A Greek poet of 450 B. C.
78. This medal shows what you got away with.
80. A long measure. (Abbrev.)
81. Don't forget this when the skipper talks to you.
83. This railroad is in the Central States.
84. Not down.
86. Don't get caught taking this on duty.
88. A Southern State. (Abbrev.)
89. A continent. (Abbrev.)
90. A scouring alkali; derived from ashes.
92. You'd rather be out than in this.
94. When you are in the hole you look for this one.
96. Every.
97. Of the best; the kind of discharge we want.
98. Messengers.

Vertical

1. Uncle Sam pays \$50 for this fellow.
2. A form of rest.
3. A Northeastern State. (Abbrev.)
4. Not one of the cough drop brothers.
5. Finished; attained.
6. A number.
7. A large power and lighting corporation. (Abbrev.)
9. Same as 4 Vertical.
10. A masculine name.
11. Possessive pronoun.
12. You know me _____.
13. State of being.
14. A written promise to pay.
15. Raises to a higher plane.
18. Begin again.
27. What we try to hold before the reviewing stand.

**ANSWERS TO APRIL 11 X-WORD
PUZZLE**

Horizontal	59. Pair.	25. Daw.
1. Shop.	61. R. R.	26. S. E.
4. Butler.	62. Brig.	27. T. S.
9. Rate.	64. Detain.	28. S. R. O.
13. Orr.	66. Canaan.	31. Sailor.
15. Shod.	68. Range.	33. Latter.
17. Man.	69. Start.	34. Editor.
18. Mt.	71. He.	36. Rabbit.
19. Ked.	73. Nos.	38. Slow.
21. Et.	74. S. S.	40. Jail.
22. Rat.	76. Eta.	41. Even.
24. M. D.	77. A. B.	43. Loop.
25. Dotes.	78. Owe.	45. Ll.
27. Tunis.	80. Soon.	46. N. B.
29. Marine.	82. Ale.	47. Er.
30. Sentry.	83. Went.	48. G. R.
32. Wars.	84. Powder.	53. Satan.
33. Le.	85. Hill.	54. Planos.
35. Solo.	Vertical	56. Ornate.
37. As.	1. Some.	57. Tiara.
39. N. E.	2. Hat.	59. Per.
40. Jadé.	3. Or.	60. Rigs.
42. T. E.	5. U. S.	62. Bate.
43. Lu.	6. The.	63. Gat.
44. III.	7. Lot.	65. N. E.
46. Native.	8. Ed.	66. C. S.
48. Gob.	10. Am.	67. Chow.
49. Lot.	11. Tam.	70. Abet.
50. Bitter.	12. Ends.	72. Ewe.
51. Rob.	14. Retire.	74. Sow.
52. Ow.	16. Cannot.	75. Sed.
53. S. P.	19. Koran.	77. All.
55. Leon.	20. Dens.	79. En.
56. O. T.	22. Rues.	80. So.
58. Pi	29. Title.	82. Ai

SPRING HAS CAME

By C. L. E.

[With apologies to K. C. B.]
THE PUBLISHING Editor.

TORE his hair.

ALSO his moustache.

"PRAY, PRAY!" he cried.

"WRITE AN editorial."

"YOU HAVE Spring fever."

I GENTLY chided him.

AND THAT is how.

I CAME to pen.

THIS LOT of balderdash.

I MEANT to write.

ABOUT DUTY and discipline.

AND OTHER lofty things.

BETOKEING STRENGTH of mind.

BUT ALL of a sudden.

I FOUND my mind.

AND EYES.

STRAYING TO the grass.

AND SUNSHINE and things.

AND I YEARN to envort.

AND GAMBOLE.

WITH THE other men.

WHO ARE undergoing.

SOME STRENUOUS compulsory exercise.

ONE OF THEM is fat.

AND INSISTS on giving.

ADVICE.

TO ANOTHER fat one.

WHO SITS too much.

BEFORE HIS roll-top desk.

AND THIS latter one.

LOOKS TIRED and sorrowful.

AS THOUGH he needed.

SLEEP.

THE FIRST fat man.

SEEMS HAPPY and comfortable.

AS HE SMOKES his pipe.

AND DISPENSES his advice.

THE TIRED fat man.

IS DOING his duty.

AND I admire him.

THE MORE for it.

FOR—ho—hum!

I AM sleepy.

I THANK YOU!

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Marine Corps Institute

April 11, 1925

Total number individuals enrolled	8,054
Total number individuals enrolled since last report	95
Total number individuals dis-enrolled since last report	20
Number examination papers received during week	1,187
Number examination papers received during year	21,141
Total number graduates to date	2,014

"THE COMPLETE AUTOMOBILE COURSE"

Marines who have not as yet learned the benefits of the Automobile Course are invited to write to the Institute, requesting an "Order of Studies Sheet," which plainly indicate the names, numbers, etc., of each textbook. After a careful study of the sheet, you will note that every phase of the Auto-Game is taught from "A" to "Z," and, not only does the course explain the mechanical features of the Automobile, but will teach you the laws that regulate the operation of cars.

We publish here a letter from one of our most diligent students:

"Your letter of March 24, 1925, gives me the much-desired opportunity to express my appreciation for the benefits I am deriving from the Marine Corps Institute, and especially from the course in which I am enrolled—the complete automobile course.

"I have already submitted the answers to the examinations of the first seven books, and, if I may use these books collectively as a criterion, I must say the course is worthy of the highest praise. It fills a great need by supplying in a most understandable way the knowledge which many years of practical experience would not give.

"The text, with its accompanying illustrations, is so well prepared that one cannot fail to grasp the knowledge which is intended to be conveyed very readily.

"The instructor's services are particularly helpful inasmuch as they bring to the student's attention whatever important part of the text he may have overlooked. March 12, 1925, was the date of my enrollment, and, since then, I have thoroughly learned many things about an automobile which I was not able to understand before.

"Sgt. SAMUEL SCHAPIRO."

NEW DRUM MAJOR AT WASHINGTON

During the absence of Sergeant Major Herschel D. Pryor, who is away on leave, the position of drum major in the Marine Band has been filled by Patrick Doyle, Band Sergeant. "Patty" handles a baton us ably as he wields a shilaly.

"Do you love me, darling?"

"Why, of course, I do, Sam."

"Sam? My name's Harry!"

Oh, sure it is. I keep thinking this is Monday."

The ROMANCE of ELECTRICITY

IT IS a significant fact that many of the greatest discoveries and developments in electricity have been made by men who were largely self-taught.

Benjamin Franklin, who drew electric fire from the clouds with his famous kite experiment in 1752, had received but two years' regular schooling in all his life. Faraday, who made the first dynamo, was a bookbinder's apprentice. Neumann, who established mathematically the laws of the induction of electric currents, was a soldier under Napoleon, later studying for the ministry.

Volta, after whom the "volt" is named, was too poor to buy his own copy-books at school. Wheatstone, the founder of modern telegraphy, was practically a failure as a maker of musical instruments. Edison was a rooming railway clerk and telegraph operator. Steinmetz, the late electrical wizard of the General Electric Company, landed in America as a poor and friendless immigrant.

These men were the pioneers and their names and achievements are world famous. But there is another and a larger group to whom electricity owes an increasing debt—the great army of men who, starting from equally humble positions, took discoveries of these laboratory pioneers and put them to practical use.

These are the men who have built and organized the great electric power plants that can make the night brighter than the day. These are the men who have developed and perfected the telephone and made conversation possible between fifteen million homes and offices—the men who have gone further and caught speech from the air with radio, the modern miracle. These are the men who have made this mystic unseen giant—

the touch of a button—do man's bidding and save him labor in a thousand ways.

These are the modern heroes in the romance of electricity—the men who day by day, in countless factories, plants, laboratories and service stations, do the actual work that makes the use of electricity possible.

Many of these men have grown up with the industry, but legions of others have been drawn to it because electricity always fascinates the man or boy of a mechanical turn of mind. They sensed its opportunities and sought the technical knowledge that would equip them for success in a new and thriving field.

Most of them were in moderate circumstances—many were married—few could leave their positions to go to the classroom. And so they did what more than two million men have done in the last thirty-two years—they turned to the International Correspondence Schools.

And, night after night, in the quiet of their own homes, they gained, through practical texts and the constant help of practical teachers, the special training needed to prepare them for the work of their choice.

Today you will find these men holding important and responsible positions in every branch of the electrical industry. It is a matter of record that no less than 365,198 men since 1894 have studied electrical subjects with the International Correspondence Schools.

By providing such a practical training to so many individuals, these Schools have not only helped to bring the satisfaction of achievement into thousands of lives, but they have made a definite contribution to the development of the electrical industry itself.

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() ELECTRIC WIRING	() PLUMBING & HEATING	() TRAFFIC MANAGER
() TELEGRAPH ENGINEER	() SHEET-METAL WORKER	() COST ACCOUNTANT
() TELEPHONE WORK	() TEXTILE OVERSEER OR SUPERINTENDENT	() COMMERCIAL LAW
() MECHANICAL ENGINEER	() CHEMIST	() GOOD ENGLISH
() MECHANICAL DRAFTSMAN	() PHARMACY	() COMMON SCHOOL SUBJECTS
() MACHINE SHOP PRACTICE	() BUSINESS MANAGEMENT	() CIVIL SERVICE
() TOOLMAKER	() SALESMANSHIP	() RAILWAY MAIL CLERK
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THE GAZETTE

Major General John A. Lejeune,
Commandant.

Officers last commissioned in the
grades indicated:

Col. F. E. Evans.
Lieut. Col. J. J. Meade.
Maj. J. L. Doxey.
Capt. D. S. Brown.
First Lieut. J. M. Greer.

Officers last to make number in
the grades indicated:

Col. H. R. Lay.
Lieut. Col. H. O. Smith.
Maj. P. C. Marmion.
Capt. J. W. Knighton.
First Lieut. W. B. Onley.

RECENT ORDERS

April 7, 1925

Maj. R. Coyle, detached M. B., N. S., Cavite, P. I., to M. B., Quantico, Va.
First Lieut. J. B. Wilson, detached M. C. B., N. O. B., San Diego, Calif., to M. B., Navy Yard, Puget Sound, Wash.

Second Lieut. W. N. McKelvy, detached M. C. B., N. O. B., San Diego, Calif., to M. B., Parris Island, S. C.

Second Lieut. F. T. Birthright, resignation accepted, effective May 2, 1925.
Second Lieut. J. K. Reid, resignation accepted.

April 8, 1925

Lieut. Col. F. Halfour, detached First Brigade, Port-au-Prince, Haiti, to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Capt. F. Z. Becker, detached M. B., Quantico, Va., to Fitzsimmons General Hospital, U. S. Army, Denver, Colo.

First Lieut. T. McK. Schuler, detached First Brigade, Port-au-Prince, Haiti, to M. B., Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va.
Second Lieut. J. G. Walraven, detached M. B., N. S., Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, to M. B., Quantico, Va.

April 9, 1925

No orders were announced.

April 10, 1925

Col. Charles H. Lyman, on June 10, detached M. B., Parris Island, S. C., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

Maj. Robert B. Farquharson, upon completion of course, detached the Infantry School, Fort Benning, Ga., to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Maj. Gerald A. Johnson, on June 10, detached M. B., Quantico, Va., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.
Maj. Robert E. Messersmith, on June 15, detached Navy Department, Washington, D. C., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

Capt. Walter E. McCaughtry, detached M. B., Quantico, Va., to M. B., N. S., Guam.

Second Lieut. Paul B. Watson, detached M. B., Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C., to Recruiting District of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Pay Clerk Herbert H. Wood, detached First Brigade, Port-au-Prince, Haiti, to Headquarters, Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

April 11, 1925

Col. John F. McGill, on June 1, detached M. B., Quantico, Va., to Naval War College, Newport, R. I.

First Lieut. Louis F. Knorr, detached Recruiting District of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio, to M. B., Parris Island, S. C.

Second Lieut. Raymond W. Conroy, M. C. R., on April 26, assigned to active duty for training at the N. A. S., N. O. B., San Diego, Calif., and, on June 2, relieved from active duty.

Pay Clerk Wilbur W. Raybolt, detached Headquarters, Marine Corps, to office of the Assistant Paymaster, N. O. B., Hampton Roads, Va.

April 13, 1925

Capt. Maurice G. Holmes, detached M. B., Navy Yard, Boston, Mass., to M. D., U. S. S. Arizona.

Capt. Lyle H. Miller, detached M. D., U. S. S. Arizona, to Department of the Pacific.

Second Lieut. Howard R. Huff, detached M. B., Parris Island, S. C., to M. B., Navy Yard, Charleston, S. C.

REENLISTMENTS

Perry, Myron E., at Salt Lake City on 3-21-25 for M. B., San Diego.

Coffin, Percy R., at Boston on 3-20-25 for M. B., Philadelphia.

Newgarde, Harvey S., at St. Paul on 3-19-25 for M. B., Quantico.

Davison, Orvel L., at Los Angeles on 3-12-25 for M. B., San Diego.

Grausam, George N., at San Diego on 3-12-25 for M. B., San Diego.

Welch, Clarence O., at Los Angeles on 3-11-25 for M. B., San Diego.

Grover, Harley M., at Boston on 3-21-25 for Haiti.

McBee, John A., at San Antonio on 3-21-25 for M. B., San Diego.

Brown, Alvin A., at Spokane on 3-4-25 for M. B., San Diego.

McKenzie, Emil, at Buffalo on 3-24-25 for M. B., Quantico.

Streheli, George R., at St. Paul on 3-20-25 for Rechg., St. Paul.

Moore, James G., at Mobile on 3-21-25 for Rechg., Mobile.

Stacey, Oliver M., at New Orleans on 3-21-25 for M. B., Parris Island.

Carroll, John P., New York on 3-21-25 for M. B., New York.

De Leo, Anthony, at Boston on 3-20-25 for M. B., Philadelphia.

Meer, Edward J., at Buffalo on 3-21-25 for M. B., Parris Island.

Fiala, Charles, at Chicago on 3-20-25 for M. B., Parris Island.

Mathews, William G., at St. Paul on 3-19-25 for M. B., San Diego.

Woodbury, Earl W., at San Francisco on 3-16-25 for M. B., Puget Sound.

Hiensch, Charles D., at Norfolk on 3-21-25 for M. B., Norfolk.

Ropenhagen, Edwin C., at Quantico on 3-21-25 for M. B., Quantico.

Auer, John, at Washington on 3-25-25 for Marine Band, Washington.

Rieve, Fred, at Washington on 3-24-25 for M. B., Parris Island.

Kimbrell, George W., at Atlanta on 3-23-25 for West Coast.

Clary, Bill E., at Parris Island on 3-22-25 for M. B., Parris Island.

Alberts, Herman M., at New York 3-18-25 for M. B., Parris Island.

Green, George T., at Boston on 3-17-25 for M. B., Parris Island.

Bieger, Ray, at Cincinnati on 3-17-25 for M. B., Parris Island.

Gilbert, Adam A., Philadelphia on 3-27-25 for M. B., Quantico.

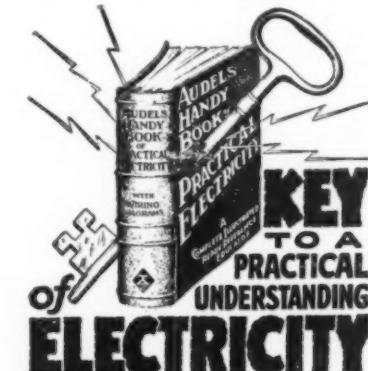
Jones, Calvin A., at Washington on 3-26-25 for H. R. for West Coast.

White, Francis L., at Boston on 3-26-25 for H. R., Washington.

Johnston, Charles A., at Milwaukee on 3-24-25 for M. B., Parris Island.

Briggs, James M., at San Francisco on 3-21-25 for M. B., Mare Island.

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RECENT GRADUATES

Capt. Warren C. Barnaby, Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

Capt. Lewis G. Merritt, Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

First Lieut. Raymond T. Presnell, Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

Capt. John P. Adams, Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

First Lieut. George E. Monson, Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

First Lieut. Lester N. Medaris, Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

First Lieut. Henning F. Adickes, Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

Capt. Otto E. Bartoe, Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

First Lieut. Otto B. Osmundson, Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

Capt. Clifford O. Henry, Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

Mr. Edgar L. Edmundson, Banking, Accounting and Banking Law.

Mr. Ivan K. Hadlock, Complete Commercial Course.

Pvt. Elmer E. Gower, Railway Postal Clerk.

Sergt. Wm. H. O'Toole, Bookkeeping and Accounting.

Pvt. F. C. George W. Cramer, Civil Service General Clerical Course.

Cpl. John W. Emerson, Civil Service Clerical Course.

Pvt. F. C. Robert A. Barton, Salesmanship.

Cpl. John M. Broderick, Railway Postal Clerk.

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Cpl. Paul J. Warren, Commercial Illustration.

Cpl. Paul D. Guthrie, Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. Floyd Hawthorne, Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. Fred E. Crouch, Civil Service General Clerical Course.

Pvt. William A. Barry, Railway Postal Clerk.

Cpl. Henry C. King, C. P. A. Coaching and Business Law Course.

IF ANYONE HAS—

Killed a pig.

Shot his wife,

Got married,

Borrowed a stamp,

Made a speech,

Joined the Army,

Robbed a bank,

Bought a Ford,

Sold a dog,

Lost his wallet,

Gone fishing,

Broken his neck,

Bought a house,

Committed suicide,

Shot a cat,

Been away,

Come back home,

Moved his office,

Taken a vacation,

Been in a fight,

Got licked,

Has no oil stocks,

Got rich,

Made a bad bet,

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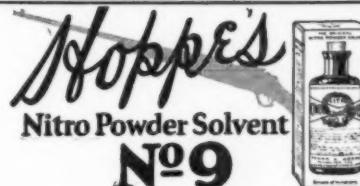
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ALLIGATOR RAINCOAT

(Continued from page 3)

proven that one hundred feet will suffice to open the chute and make a safe landing. At this low altitude, the jumper is liable to receive a rather severe shock, as the speed has not had enough space to entirely lessen, but he will be saved, and that is the prime desire.

In the future, if experimentation progresses at the rate it has been lately, we may be carrying a pack in our pocket instead of strapped to us, for most of the advancement so far has shown a tendency toward making the chute smaller instead of larger, without increasing the rate of descent. We now descend as slowly in a twenty-four foot chute as the jumpers of years ago did with one that was half again as large. The weight of the pack has also been greatly reduced, and it is now no inconvenience to carry one or two of them strapped to the body, while, a few years back, it took two or three men to carry the chute to the balloon, where the jumper was fastened to the parachute instead of vice versa.

So we can hope in the future to see many more lives saved through the medium of the aerial life preserver, and many more crowds thrilled through the medium of the only method whereby a man can quit flying without bringing the plane to the ground.

Capt. R. J. Archibald, U. S. M. C., the officer in charge of the parachute department at Brown Field, is striving in every way to bring the parachute idea to the front and instill in the fliers of the Marine Corps the utmost confidence in the aerial life belts. The Captain has jumped and realizes the importance of the parachute as a means of getting safely to the ground in case of necessity, and, therefore, is desirous of putting them over strong. His work has also extended to the development of the parachute landing flares, another great safeguard when night flying is being done. In this work, he is assisted by Sgt. Nickle, another graduate of the school, and an extremely careful and conscientious worker.

Three more men from this field have been recently detached to the school at Chanute Field, to undergo the complete course of parachute rigging. When they return, there will be one officer and five enlisted men assigned to the various stations of the Marine Corps, all of whom have completed the course and are competent to carry on the work of keeping the parachutes in service. Other men are being trained at this station, so, before long, all stations will have a quota of experienced men.

Great joy was shown by all members of the department upon the arrival of several of the latest style chutes a few days back. It is the hope of all that in a short time we will be able to demonstrate a few of their numerous possibilities by making several exhibition jumps here and at other fields. Although there is not the shadow of a doubt that these are all in excellent shape, they are all being tested with the aid of a lead weight, for nothing is ever taken for granted and there must be no uncertainty when the chute is issued for service. The tests are made to ascertain the speed of opening and the strength of construction, as well as the general dependability.

These tests will absolutely uncover any possible flaws that might have escaped the rigid attention of the factory inspector, but the finding of such flaws is such a rare occurrence that it is hardly worth mention. Still, no detail is overlooked in making certain that the parachute is

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"WHERE IS —————?"

Private George Corlough, at Marine Barracks, Naval Air Station, Lakehurst, N. J., would like to hear from William Porter.

Private Paul M. Griffin, at Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., would like to hear from Paul Drake.

Private Tony Pappas, Post Law Office, Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., would like to hear from Private J. J. Palek.

Trumpeter De Witt T. Cain, M. B., Naval Station, New Orleans, La., would like to hear from Pvt. Sidney Manuel, or any other of his friends who see this.

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